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The new dress color with the golden tinge is called "Auriferous."

Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine,
It wants some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

—Shakespeare.

Plato says, God has so framed his laws that it is for the advantage of every one to observe them.

The era before tight-lacing was practiced by ladies is said to have been the "pre-hy-steric."

Crab apples go into one end of the mill at Trenton, N. J., and come out of the other end labeled "Bordeaux."

To prevent people from meddling with nitro-glycerine cans, it is proposed to label them "tracts."

A Western woman has just discovered that if dishes are washed in very hot water and set on the edge to drain, they will not need

Paterfamilies is frequently seen going home with big bundles under his arm that drive his children into agonies of curiosity.

A Kentucky matriarch (if we may be allowed to coin a feminine for patriarch), aged 113, counts her direct descendants, down to the great-great-great-grandchildren, to the number of 1076.

The Courier-Journal publishes a list of

Kentucky owns which cannot boast of small pox. The following is the list in full: Stanford.

Among the newspapers which the Pope has recently placed on the "Index Expurgatorius" are the New York *Evening Mail*, the New York *Times*, *Harper's Weekly* and the *New Yorker*.

The great advantage of Minnesota as a resort for invalids is the equality of its cli-

Stupid, seeing that the Beekeepers' Society recommends blanketing the bees in the winter, wants to know where such small blankets are to be obtained, and whether the bees don't sting while being tucked up.

The Louisville Journal gushes almost un-
—sensibly over Nehlig's painting of Pocahontas
—a great historic picture, it says, noble and su-
perb, aye splendid and magnificent and power-
ful, even, a more masterly and graphic and
impressive rendition of the subject it cannot

A BIRD SONG.

It's a year almost that I have not seen her:
O'er last summer, green things were greener,
Brambles fewer, the blue sky, bluer.

It's well-nigh summer, for there's a swallow;
Come one swallow, his mate will follow,
The bird-pace quicken and wheel and flicken.

Oh, happy swallow, whose mate will follow
O'er high, o'er yonder! I'd be a swallow
To build, this weather, one nest together!

—Christina Rosseti, in "Scribner's" for January.

A Texas vigilance committee recently

hung several horse thieves, but the great and good teeth of one of the suspended saved his life. Grasping the slack rope in his teeth just before the cart was drawn from under him, he hung in that manner until the executioners were out of sight, when he ascended the rope and released himself.

The other day a communication appeared in a Buffalo paper to the effect that, notwithstanding the number of eligible young men in that city, but a few of the young men

An astounding statement is made by Dr. Lankaster, the London coroner, that 300,000 tender infants are annually smothered to death in England by their mothers, who fall asleep while nursing them. Add the absurd indulgence in diet, imprudent exposure in

"Burleigh" the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, writes: A gentleman announced to his family one morning—"Mr. Greeley is dead." His little two year old son was playing on the floor with his horse. He looked up very quietly from his play and said: "Pa, who shot him?" Murders are so common that even children imagine that

A general war is waging against the use of slates in the schools of Germany. There is scarcely any sound more offensive to the human ear than the grating of the pencil on the slate, and when this is multiplied by numbers in the school, the effect is said to be extremely injurious to the nerves of many children, and to leave evil influences for life. How much torture we unconsciously endure in each month!

A New Sort of Sunday Service.
The Rev. Frederick Silver, of the church of England, was some twenty years ago preaching in a parish in Shropshire, which was noted for drunkenness and vice. Having some wealth at command, he determined on making a bold stroke for reform. He found Sunday the worst day in the week, and decided that he must bring what forces he could to bear on that day. Some of his flock sug-

gested prayer meetings, and other religious services for the undermining of Satan and his power. But Mr. Silver took another tack. For many weeks peculiar looking boxes and cases were daily landed at the door, exciting the curiosity of the neighbors. Finally, one bright morning the people of that vicinity found the walls and trees all about placarded with the announcement that Mr. Silver would open a museum to the public the next Sunday afternoon. This set many good parsonage and deacons to groaning. The roughs bright-

reach the next Sunday morning, when he is expected to relate how he thought that the foundation of the city was the need of the town. In the afternoon the school children crowded to the museum. A hundred fine oil paintings were displayed; a model of the Alhambra in Spain; specimens of economic plants and animals; at work, and the 139 colors which silk can take; a fine model of an elephant from a palace in Delhi; cases of English coins from William the Conqueror to Victoria; antiquities of the East; watches and jewelry; autographs of great men; ornithological collections, including Australian specimens; different costumes, boots, shoes, hats, implements, weapons, etc.

Mr. Silver's catalogue showed his devotion to his project. He must have exhausted his own means, and levied contributions on other sources. The thing has been going on now for over fifteen years; and the result is that that "lawless parish" is now one of the happiest communities in England. Every seat in Mr. Silver's church is occupied; the cottages in the place are so large and handsome that travellers ask, "Where do the labourers live in this village?"

A school has arisen, a new medical dispensary and a library. The rector has had a

larger church built to hold his increasing flock.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

